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THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION

MAGAZINE.

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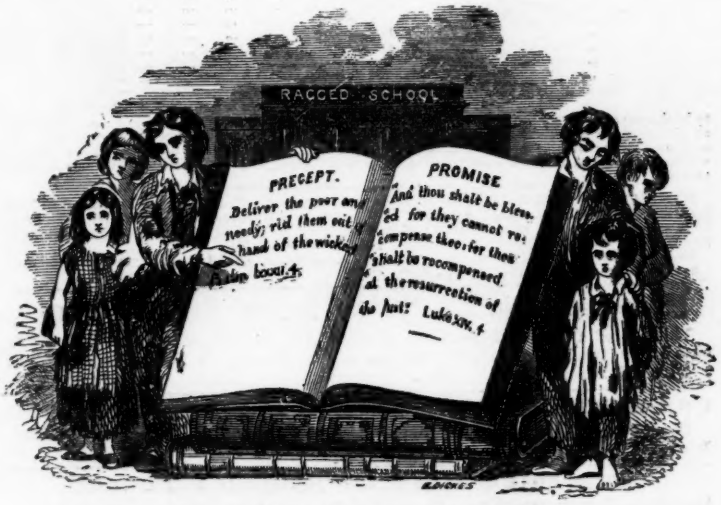

"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter i. 25.

PROFITS DEVOTED TO RAGGED SCHOOLS.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The Committee beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of eight blankets, &c., from Lady M. R. Howard; a bag of used envelopes from Miss Moore; 2,200 copies of "Questions and Remarks on the Holy Scriptures," from A. F.; a box of clothing, &c., from Mrs. Albutt; a parcel of "Leisure Hour," a parcel of clothing, and twenty-six volumes for libraries, from Mrs. Reade; and a parcel of clothing, &c., from Lucy and Grace.

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.

Extract from the Editor's address to the readers of the "Ragged School Union Magazine," published in December, 1862:—

We give a few particulars of the Ragged School Union, to which 200 local schools look for help, and if not given no small portion of that number would be compelled to close their school doors. The annual meeting of the Union was held on May 12, since which time the expenditure of the Committee has every month exceeded its income, as the following, extracted from their monthly minutes, will show:—

		£	s.	d.
Excess of expenditure over income for June		235	18	0
" " July		42	4	0
" " August		508	19	3
" " September		109	6	10
" " October		207	17	0
" " November...		156	19	10
" " to the latest date before going to press ...		384	12	6
Making the Total		£1,644	13	5

to be the excess of expenditure in the last six months only. It is clear that this *progress* cannot, and should not, be long continued. It may be prolonged for a time, but not without disasters to one of the most needed, and hitherto one of the most successful, of metropolitan efforts. It is hoped that by making a clear statement of the case before *real* damage is sustained, that the foreboding evil may never be realized.

DONATIONS and SUBSCRIPTIONS will be thankfully received at the OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY, 1, EXETER HALL, STRAND, W.C.; by Messrs. HATCHARD & SON, 187, Piccadilly; Messrs. NISBET & Co., 21, Berners Street; Messrs. KENT & Co., Paternoster Row; and by the Collector, Mr. WILLIAM BLAKE, 11, Blenheim Villas, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

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JANUARY ELECTION, 1863.

This election terminated on January 19, 1863, without securing the admission of **John Henry Buttler** to the Institution. The number of votes polled in his favour was 206. The number polled by the lowest successful candidate was 670, therefore about 500 more votes will be required to secure JOHN HENRY BUTTLER'S success at the June Election. The continued kind aid of his friends and supporters will be esteemed a favour.

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13. Two Embassies to the Court of Siam.
14. Something about Admiral Benbow.
15. A Youths' Institute.
16. Garotting and Violence in the Streets.
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18. Epping Forest in Danger.
19. The Printers' Chapel.
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12. How Larry Bond got enough at last.
13. Volcanoes; with Engraving.
14. Religious Intelligence of the Month.
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    A Poor Man better than a Liar.
    Causes of Disquietude.
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    Passing away.
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PORTLAND TOWN RAGGED SCHOOLS

to meet the liabilities now pressing upon them. An almost entire failure of funds compels them to make this Special Appeal.

RAGGED SCHOOLS for both sexes,
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SUMMARY OF OPERATIONS FROM SEPTEMBER, 1857, TO JANUARY 1st, 1863.

Total cases received	920	Situations provided	440
Total readmissions	123	Restored to friends	234
		Married	14
		Emigrated	7
		Died	5
		Dismissed	21
		Left at own request	237
		In the Homes, January 1, 1863	85
	1,043		1,043

Domestic servants	595	Fatherless	164
Needlewomen	325	Motherless	155
		Orphans	272
		Parents living	266
		Unknown, if alive	63

Subscriptions and donations in aid of this Institution will be thankfully received by

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Papers, Original and Selected.

BANDS OF HOPE IN RAGGED SCHOOLS.

As Baal, the symbol of the sun, was the god of most Eastern nations, so Bacchus may be regarded as the chief idol of Great Britain. Hecatombs are sacrificed every day to the Drink-God; and the agony of orphans, and the wail of lost souls, tell how fatal are the results of this national idolatry. That the statement is not exaggerated is proved by one fact alone—viz., that though there are only about 4,000 butcher's and baker's shops in London, it includes no less than 11,000 public-houses and beer-shops. We need not then be surprised to find that, in addition to the inebriety that does not come under notice of the police, no less than 30,000 persons are annually taken up for drunkenness in London alone. Nor, alas! are such cases limited to adults, as the following recent illustration, copied from a daily paper, will show:—

"*George Foster* and *Arthur Jervis*, two boys, were charged before the Westminster Police Court with being drunk and incapable of taking care of themselves.

"Mr. Paynter, on looking at the defendants, said: What! are these boys charged with being drunk?

"Inspector Butler: Yes, sir, they are.

"Mr. Paynter: What are their ages?

"Inspector Butler: Foster is *sixteen!* years of age, Jervis only *twelve!!*

"Mr. Paynter: It is really shocking. Were they much intoxicated?

"Inspector Butler: They were found lying in the Kensington Road at eight o'clock last evening, so thoroughly intoxicated that it was necessary to carry them to the station-house on a stretcher.

"Mr. Paynter: How came you boys to get in this shocking state?

"Defendants: Christmas boxes.

"Mr. Paynter: Christmas boxes?

"Defendants: Yes, the money we had given us.

"Inspector Butler: Jervis was insensible for many hours after he was brought to the station-house.

"Mr. Paynter: Who made you drunk?

"Defendants: Nobody; we did it ourselves.

Both boys at this laughed.

"Mr. Paynter: It is nothing to laugh at, and I am very sorry to find that you do not feel becoming regret at your misconduct. It is a most melancholy thing to find boys of such age before me upon such a charge. It is a most unpromising begin-

ning in life, and it is difficult to say what may be its end. *I wish I had it in my power to punish those who supplied you.*

"They were fined 5*s.* each, and locked up in default of payment."

But it is equally painful to know that, during the three years ending 1860, the Registrar-General reported that 2,377 persons had died in England from intemperance. Hence we cannot but sympathize with any effort to make men lords of their appetite rather than its slaves.

Amongst the many recent efforts in this direction, none have proved more valuable than Bands of Hope, or Juvenile Temperance Societies. Mould the child, and you make the man; for, as Wordsworth quaintly says—

"The child is father to the man."

Hence we cannot too soon begin to train the child to obey God's natural laws, if we really wish him in manhood not to rebel against his Creator in this respect. Of even more recent origin than Ragged Schools, Bands of Hope have already done much to prevent the formation of a taste for intoxicants; and as most seem onducted with wisdom, we doubt not that they will eventually do much to check the drinking customs of society.

In connection with this movement the following questions are sometimes asked by persons interested in Ragged Schools; namely: "Is it advisable to connect Bands of Hope, or Juvenile Teetotal Societies, with our schools? Is it right, in fact, to encourage children to take that pledge of abstinence, the full purport of which they can scarcely be expected to apprehend? And what has been the moral influence of the Bands of Hope already established in Ragged Schools?" Before giving our own views as an on-looker, we prefer to print some remarks on the subject supplied by the founder of the Band of Hope at Hinde's Mews Ragged School, for fifteen years an earnest labourer in Ragged Schools. In narrating the history of that Band of Hope, he has given a clue to the philosophy of the movement; for, as well by facts as by figures, he has supplied the "Because" to the "Why." As coming from a practical man they deserve the earnest consideration of all who are personally engaged in the great work of reclaiming our wild tribes. Our fellow-helper says that—

"It may appear to many as matter of slight importance to publish the doings of a Ragged School Band of Hope; and yet, if the question were asked—Why? I fancy the answer attempted to be given would, if thoughtfully given, be even unsatisfactory to the querist, and still more so to those who have considered the

present drinking customs of society in their beginnings and endings. Assuming, then, that the subject is of much importance to all, and none the less because these remarks have to do with many children who are poor, and being poor, have doubly to suffer from the improvidence of parents and relations, I would humbly make known the efforts that are being made, in accordance with God's revealed will, and in dependence upon his blessing, in this Ragged School, to enforce God's command to take care of the body, 'so fearfully and wonderfully made,' by statedly inculcating the practice of temperance, by means of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

"I admit it is quite possible, in the conducting of this movement, to drive out the seven-headed devil of intemperance, and that a worse devil may be substituted. But, I most fearlessly assert, from many years' connection with and observation of the whole bearing and tendency of the movement, that there is a work being carried on which no other agency can supply—that the work is imperatively demanded—that the effects of that work have been of immediate and lasting good to those who are engaged in it, and have brought about a new and improved state of social habits and customs in our native land. Neither does the carrying of it on interfere at all with any other philanthropic or Christian effort. More particularly in the institution of Ragged Schools, this movement has only not hindered, but has been a powerful auxiliary to the end contemplated by these schools, by inducing the children to be more self-reliant—more dependent on their own individual exertions. It has been the instrument by which a knowledge of *the House I live in* has been communicated to the tenant of that house, and thus it has led many from the creature to the Great Creator of All.

"Now, through these schools, under the blessing of God, the danger existing from breach between the rich and the poor has been obviated, and there is a kindlier feeling existing between these classes.

"The Band of Hope is one indirect way in which these schools have been of service. Rooms have been made easily available, and children to fill them readily secured. For those who are inclined, the temperance movement is a great and a good one, and that branch which has to do with the young is effecting immense good.

"Of late years, too much by far has been done to help the downcast and poor in a patronizing way: by giving in various shapes, which giving has only tended to increase the evil. It is not money or gifts of any kind from without that is wanted, but that the poor and working classes should have more faith in their own collective efforts. This teetotalism gives a beginning to; imparting as it were a first lesson, to be followed by many others—and among these Penny Banks are to be reckoned of no mean importance and influence—all and each made possible and easier to accomplish by the first step. And to preserve the young at an early age from the habit of using the drinks is a great point gained.

"Those now engaged in carrying on Bands of Hope may not live to see with their own eyes the result of their labours, nor ever be privileged to know how that result has been brought about; but it will be seen, and felt, and known, throughout the wide world, when those who began and carried them on have long been gone from the land of the living. But without drawing on the imaginaiton to paint a flattering picture, there is a present good visible to all: there has been brought out a spirit and bearing which is of great value to all classes of the community; quietly but effectively permeating through society, giving birth to more rational and social practices, adding to the national stock of bodily health, lessening the liability to, and diminishing the number of, bodily diseases, leading to more provident ways of spending money. Nor, while the earthly tabernacle has thus been benefited, is

the mind and soul without advantage. A sound mind in a sound body is a great blessing, and an almost truism; neither do I believe we can 'right the soul by wronging the body.' It follows, therefore, that if the body is in a sounder, better condition, the whole man is benefited. O that every Ragged School had in connection with it a Band of Hope and Penny Bank, and that all teachers could see it to be their duty to engage in that department of labour. They would thus grasp a powerful lever for removing effectually much that now hinders and mars their good work. There would spring up a fresh bond between teachers and children, cheering, enlivening, and doing them good. And let me here say, who have been at it for nearly ten years out of the fifteen of my labours in Ragged Schools, that it is out of my power to describe the many happy hours thus spent, in talking to and explaining to the children about the why and the wherefore of teetotalism, and the hearty, confident, friendly feelings brought into active play while in this branch of labour.

"More than one generation of children, amounting to tens of thousands, have entered and passed clean out of the Hinde's Mews Ragged School into active life, listening to the repeated lessons on the evils of strong drink. But comparatively few out of that number have actually joined the Society—somewhere about 1,500; but ten times that number have heard the remarks made—have joined in the melodies sung—have heard the pieces repeated, all bearing directly on the great benefit to be derived from being abstainers. What human being can calculate or compute the amount of good that has been done? Who can reckon the amount of evil that has been prevented by such means?

"The Hinde's Mews Band of Hope was begun in June, 1853, and in June, 1862, nine years after, 1,430 names had been enrolled as members, and the interest manifested by the children in it still, is not decreasing, but increasing. The number and value of testimonies to the benefits received by their teetotalism by many, now young men and women, is most encouraging. During the year just passed, from June, 1861, to June, 1862, the increase was 190 members; 24 meetings, extending over two hours, were held; 24 addresses on various bearings of the movement were given; 150 on an average attended each meeting, or 3,600 little listeners; some 4,000 melodies and pieces were sung and repeated by the children; diagrams have been exhibited and talked about; various kinds of fermented and distilled drinks have been analysed before the children; there have been given away amongst the children and members, 350 Melody and Recitation Books, 40 Temperance Books at from 1s. to 4d., as rewards for singing and reciting, 2,500 Scottish Temperance League Advisers, besides a number of tracts and leaflets, all bearing on the one subject. These are our ordinary doings; but we have also had high days, or rather happy evenings, when something out of the usual routine was observed—when games and mirth ruled the hour. Nor here can I withhold a very hearty vote of thanks to those good men and women who have catered so well for our instruction and amusement, in providing such excellent stores of literature as are found in our melody and recitation books. Little does the world without know of the state of matters inside the movement, as to a new species of literature that now is in existence for the furtherance of the temperance cause. It will take a long series of years, with such agencies as are now being plied, to undo the work that has been done. All honour to the men and women who have contributed, either by song or sermon, by science or fact, to assist in this work; for by such agencies mainly can our work ever retain and deepen its hold."

In connection with the foregoing remarks on the Hinde's Mews Band of Hope, we may intimate that other Ragged Schools have

established similar Juvenile Temperance Societies. All who visit the homes, or are acquainted with the habits of the lower strata of society, know too well that abuse of appetite, either in the form of gluttony or of drunkenness, is a fertile source of the physical and moral ills under which they reel. To drunkenness, in fact—partly caused by the unwholesome rooms they occupy, and partly by the drinking habits of their class,—may be traced more of their poverty than to want of work. Now, like the moral laws delivered on Sinai, the physical laws, coming as they do from the same great Source, cannot be violated with impunity; and hence, whenever we see the deadly face of sin, it is not long before we hear the footfall of his twin-brother, misery.

Without discussing the vexed question, whether the use of alcoholic liquors by adults is advisable or not—a topic scarcely suitable to our pages—there can be no question that their use by children is unwarranted by any supposed physical need. Yet in our peregrinations through London, no more painful sight is witnessed than that of parents giving their children—often mere babies—a sip of the drams they are drinking, or to see children furtively sipping at the gin they have been sent to buy. Thus are they initiated into the A B C of intemperance by their very parents; the X Y Z of which they acquire in manhood. For as most think, and as some ingenuously say, "It *must* be good, for see how father and mother like it!"

We are glad, therefore, as one means of staying a moral plague more dire than fever or cholera, that twenty-three Ragged Schools have formed Bands of Hope. They have already enrolled 3,301 members, being about one out of every eight of our scholars. All are eligible, who are between the ages of six and sixteen, to sign the following simple document, namely: "I promise to drink no intoxicating drinks, and to get others to do the same." The members usually meet twice monthly, when, by speech, or by lecture, or by temperance song, recruits are enlisted into the standing army of King Water. In most cases, the sanction of the parents is asked before the candidate is permitted to sign this pledge. Thus, for example, we understand that the conductors of the Hinde's Mews Band of Hope visited the homes of no less than 1,430 members before their names were enrolled. By this plan, not only was the authority of the parents not ignored, but they received a gentle hint from these social missionaries that, if they really pine for better homes and happier lives, they must cease to decorate that

gin-palace, whose lurid glare only illumines the road to the bottomless pit.

We have visited the Bands of Hope held in Hinde's Mews, Exeter Buildings, St. James Place, and Lant Street, with much gratification. On those occasions we found about 500 boys and girls assembled, mostly day or night scholars. The evenings were well occupied by the singing of temperance melodies; the exhibition of simple chemical experiments on the nature and physical effects of alcohol; or by addresses, interspersed with striking temperance anecdotes, calculated to win recruits to the pledge-book, which was briskly circulated among the visitors. Prayer for the Divine blessing on the work of the evening fitly closed these meetings.

We were glad to find on the part of most speakers a *total abstinence* from that exaggerated view of teetotalism which represents it as a panacea for all moral or social evils; for the good old way first taught in Eden—the cross of Christ—is still the only mode whereby God deigns to remove the incrustations of sin, and to sanctify fallen man. It would thus seem that the conductors of the twenty-three Ragged School Bands of Hope simply regard them as one plan whereby the prophetic exhortation may be obeyed: "Prepare the way; *gather out the stones*" which obstruct the march to the city of God. As such, we cannot but wish them God speed in their great undertaking, and trust that other Ragged Schools will speedily imitate their example; for, being social as well as moral reformers, we gladly pray for the success of all who are in any way engaged in our great crusade against social vice, and that sorrow from which it cannot be divorced by an inexorable law.

H.

HOW THE RAGGED SCHOOL IN CAIRO GOES ON.

PERHAPS some of the children in the Ragged Schools at home would like to hear something about the children in this place, and how we manage a Ragged School here. I think if the question were asked in almost any of the schools in London there would be a loud "Yes, tell us all about it," from a great many young voices. I can, however, only tell you about girls at present, being engaged in a girls' school, as a *free* Christian school for the lower class of Moslem boys (which is what we mean by a Ragged School) does not *yet* exist here.

At nine o'clock in the morning the little girls in a certain street in this city begin to assemble in their school-room. In warm weather they come much earlier, but now it is cold for this country, and being used to great heat, they feel

it much colder than you would, and besides, they are very thinly clad in general So it is not till past nine that they are collected at this time of year. The older girls, unless they are the daughters of very poor people, come with their faces covered, all but the eyes, with a long piece of white cotton or black crape, but the poorer, and also the younger ones, have only, as out-door dress, a veil of blue or white cotton drawn over their head and shoulders; if cold, they sit in this at school; if not, it is folded up and laid aside, and their slippers or shoes, if they have them, are kicked off at the door (there are no bonnets to hang up). The school-room is not very large, scarcely large enough, indeed, and we must get it altered next year, when the weather becomes warm. It is plainly furnished; perhaps you would say not furnished at all, for the mat of woven reeds on the floor, and two or three palm-wood frame-work seats for the older girls, are the only articles in the room; no benches, tables, or desks. Against the walls, however, a few pictures and some texts from Scripture are fixed, and on the ledge of the window lies the great New Testament, and a pile of cards and spelling books, and a couple of slates (we cannot procure slates here, and are sadly in want of more, but must wait till some friend sends them from England).

As soon as the teacher enters, they go up, one after another, to kiss her hand, and touch their forehead with it, according to the custom of the country; those whose hands are not clean are now sent to wash them in the passage, where soap and water are kept ready. Then the teacher repeats a prayer alone, and afterwards the Lord's Prayer, in which all who have been long enough in school to know it, join. Some texts are then repeated by all; the one they are now learning is, "There is one God and one Mediator," &c. This is a very important text for every one, but especially so for Egyptians, who are either Moslems or Copts, The former believe the false prophet Mohammed to be the Mediator; and the latter believe the Virgin and the Saints to be Mediators. A few days ago the teacher was trying to explain to the children what was meant by a Mediator: now this was a harder task than you might suppose, for the children had never been accustomed to think much on any sacred or serious subject, or, indeed, to think at all in the proper sense of the word, and the teacher was imperfectly acquainted with their language, which is exceedingly difficult to learn. However, there is nothing like *taking pains*, and she did her best to choose familiar illustrations, and to use such words as they were likely to understand. About three days afterwards she brought it to their minds again, and asked if any could tell her what a Mediator was. There was a silence at first, and she feared all had forgotten, but presently a bright-eyed little girl, with a yellow handkerchief round her head, whose name was *Hanuna*, sprang forward and said, "It is one between two, thus," and she put her two hands on the floor, a little apart, adding, "like one between these," and then went on to recall the illustration of one child interceding for another with a father, which had been told on a former occasion. Children little know how thankful their teachers feel when even *one* remembers their instructions in anything connected with God's word.

After the text, the teacher shows a picture to the younger children; all, indeed, delight to look at pictures, and some can give a pretty good account now, in their own way, of Noah, Adam and Eve, and a few other Old Testament characters, of which they have coloured prints on the wall. Then the teacher reads a small portion of the Gospel aloud—one short parable, or something very simple—and tries to explain it, and to ascertain that they know the words used, for some of the

words in books are not familiar to these ignorant children; and then the poor teacher sometimes makes a mistake, and pronounces a word wrong, and then, of course, they do not understand it. But she does her best, and learns more every day, so they get on well, considering the difficulties of the case. It is sometimes very hard to keep the younger ones quiet; they cannot be expected to follow the reading and talking as well as older ones, and many being quite new to school, have no idea of the necessity of *quiet* while reading is going on, and talk and laugh in spite of repeated commands to be still. They are only used to be corrected by violent beatings if their parents are angry, and they are only beginning to learn to obey without a stick, which is never used here. But they are very affectionate children, and dearly love their teacher, and by degrees they are learning to obey her voice. It happened that when the cold weather first began, she took a cold, and the exertion of continuing to teach (especially a very *noisy* set of children) naturally made it much worse. One day she was obliged to keep her room, and a friend kindly taught school in her stead, but the next day this friend could not come, and she resolved to go down, though not feeling well able for it. On coming into the school, she said, "Now, my children, I have come to teach you, but I cannot speak loud, my throat is not well to-day, and if you make a screaming, and do not listen to me, I must go away." "We will all be good; we will be *nice* to-day," said the children, in an unusually gentle tone, and, to the pleasure and surprise of their instructress, they kept their word. She was enabled to give the lessons with very little fatigue, and to bestow the praises which, when deserved, are so sweet, both to teacher and scholars. If she is permitted one day to see some, at least, of this little flock brought to listen to the still small voice of God's Holy Spirit, to know the voice of Christ, the Good Shepherd, it will be a rich reward for anxiety and labour. It is not always, indeed, that God allows us to see the fruit of our efforts to serve him in this life; but if not here, we shall hereafter, perhaps, recognise some among the great and blessed multitude round the throne whom we had scarcely hoped to see there.

The little Egyptian girls in this school are very fond of learning to sing. At present, indeed, as they have only one teacher, she is too hard-worked to be able to give them very long singing lessons, there are so many spelling lessons to be got through, and so few who can learn together; nearly every child, except the very beginners, requires to be separately taught. But they have a short singing lesson, and are now learning a little school-song, familiar to most of you,* which has been put into Arabic for them by a Syrian lady, who has, among other talents, the power of writing simple verses in that language. Ignorant as they still are, poor children, there are many of them who, if you asked them, Where is that "Bellada'l jameel," or "beautiful land"? (which is the way in which *Canaan's* happy shore has been rendered, as more intelligible to them), would be able to answer, "It is heaven; it is up with God; it is where there is no sin or pain!" There is one Moslem girl who is looked upon by all the others as very stupid, and who, coming later to school than usual, will probably leave it before she has learnt to read, for she is inattentive and lazy, and every one who knows her says "Werdek is a fool, she never will learn anything but mischief." But this little song seems to be the first thing that has taken Werdek's fancy in the way of learning, and she appears bent on learning it. She comes to her teacher in the

* "Say, brother, will you meet me?"

intervals of business, or after school, and says, "Say over the song to me," and then stumbles through, making three mistakes in one line, but next day returns to it again, and her teacher feels a sort of forlorn hope that it may in time be "hammered into her head," as boys say, and that it may cling to her memory after she leaves school, and, as every one of the simple words is carefully explained as she learns it, that it may be the means of spiritual good. Though stupid in acquiring knowledge, and of a quarrelsome and troublesome temper, she is not deficient in affection, and is very fond of her teacher.

If you came in about one o'clock, you would find the chief part of the scholars at dinner. Some go home to dinner, but most bring some bread and a morsel of salted curds, or a few dates, or an onion, in a handkerchief, or wrapped in their veils, and sit down during recess to eat it, in a circle on the mat. The native bread is something like a cold pancake in appearance, being raised with leaven into a very soft paste, and then baked in round flat cakes, in ovens made of dried mud. When nicely made and fresh, it is not bad, and though the poor people are apt to let it be full of dust, and covered with bits of straw, I believe it is quite as nutritious as the white bread eaten in England, and too often mixed with alum, &c. After their meal, the girls sit down to needlework for the rest of the afternoon, and go home about four. They may be heard laughing and singing, and shouting, as they go down the street, for they are very merry children by nature, and the being kept in order and quietly employed during the chief part of the day, makes them enjoy the remainder more heartily, of course, than if they were doing nothing, as in former days, but play or quarrel. Some of the neighbours look up cheerfully from their work, and say, "There are the school children." But all are not equally friendly: an old man just opposite the school, who keeps a seed and fodder-shop, is a sulky, bigoted old Moslem, who will not let his daughters attend school, and formerly tried to hinder others as much as he could. Now he seems to do nothing worse than look cross, and mutter something now and then which, I fear, is not a kind wish; and there are one or two more of the same disposition, but, with God's help, we trust the little school will prosper in spite of these and some other hindrances beside. Will some, at least, of those who read this ask God for his blessing upon the poor children here? We need the prayers of our fellow-Christians very much, and the humblest child who really loves the Saviour may assist in the work of enlarging his kingdom on earth by earnest prayer. Think, if you should meet some of these very girls I have been speaking of hereafter, think of the joy of knowing that you had *asked* God for their souls, and then of seeing them at his right hand in the "beautiful land"—the "Bellada'l jameel." Think of this, and pray for the ragged scholars here.

PRAYER AND EFFORT;

OR,

A PLACE IN GOD'S WORLD FOR EVERY MAN.

(*Continued from page* 15.)

In such a village as before described, and in one of its most antiquated cottages, Jim saw the light. In its fields and on the muddy banks of the Thames he grew up, without education, a hardy child of nature. Both his

parents held the situation of out-door servants to the "Red Lion." Their character was not above their profession; perhaps, if anything, it might be a shade below it. One thing may be said of them, however, they were no worse than the average of that pitiable race of people that, for a crust, accept employment, in the pursuit of which they must necessarily dishonour God, sacrifice their Sabbath, and even deny themselves that physical repose the humblest brute enjoys. What was really their work? Why, reader, for a few shillings per week, they had undertaken, and had faithfully executed, the bearing of all the beer and spirits from the tap and casks of the house, consumed by the uproarious excursion parties and boat and donkey races that burst upon the fields and crowded the river in the neighbourhood of the "Red Lion." In this they were ably assisted by their sons, Jim and Bob, and their daughter when occasion required. Reader, imagine the influence on these five individuals of such a scene over a period of years, and every day of the year! its language, its obscenity, its brawls, its utter godlessness! do this honestly, do it solemnly, and you will in some measure be qualified to appreciate the power of the grace of God; you also will get a glimpse of the lowest possible depths in sin to which the human soul can sink. As a family, they were drunkards, brawlers, unclean, clouds without rain, trees twice dead, plucked up by the roots. In due time, they suffered the drunkard's doom; for, save Jim and his sister, the others, in poverty and rags, slipped in succession to their own places in the old burying-ground, and now lie mouldering in graves, "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung," even by their surviving children.

Jim and Bob, when not required for active service in the field, performed the duties of admirals of the fleet of pleasure-boats belonging to the establishment. The hard fighting, at least most of the great fights of the place, fell to Jim. Brother Bob was a bully; had a voice like a trumpet, and the pluck of a pigeon. When about to quarrel, just before entering it he always made sure of the whereabouts of Jim; if reported drunk and asleep, the affair was put off, nursed and kept hot till the big brother was sober. Old Peter, the father, was long remembered at the "Red Lion" for his quaint remarks and occasional bursts of sly humour. The daughter was of easy virtue, violent temper, an amazon in strength, and very open to impulse from the bottle. The mother was a gaunt, bony woman, and what remained of her, after a long and fast life, reminded you of an extinct volcano—the blackened crater was there, but the fire gone, or fast going. A mother every way worthy of such a family. As a family they stood alone for vice and vigour. A more affecting sight could scarcely be witnessed than the return of Old Peter and his children from the killing work of the "Red Lion," just at the hour when the evening of Sunday was blending with the morning of Monday. Like a string of ducks, waddling from the water to the place of repose for the night, so waddled they to the old cottage; sometimes they spoke, sometimes they would not speak, but more frequently they COULD not speak—the toils and indulgences of the day had bereft them of almost every human accomplishment, save the power of walking, and that was so irregular as scarcely to merit the name. An amusing, yet melancholy scene on such occasions was the opening of the door by old Peter. Like his illustrious namesake, he was

reputed to have the sole right of the key, and in this fashion he admitted himself and family into his little heaven; some say his house might have had a more appropriate name. After all had reached the door in safety, Peter would attempt to open it in the usual way; but somehow, on such occasions, in the usual way the door refused to open. If it was one of their almost speechless nights (and of these they had many), Peter would look up to the skies, supposing the difficulty arose from the darkness of the night; but the united vision of the family being turned heavenward, they proved the spheres were innocent. Peter then feared the old keyhole had been closed by some person or persons not in custody, and that another had been opened on some other part of its surface; believing this the case, he would change his tactics, and driving the waiting family aside with his elbow, he would retreat in a stooping position, and placing the key in a line with his eye, thus having secured his aim, he would rush towards the door, shouting, "I've found it." The discovery was generally followed by the prostration of Peter on the ground, and the delegation of the power of the key to one of the younger members of the family. The keyhole ceremony seldom closed without prostrating more than one; nay, sometimes the power seemed to pass from the timber to their fists, in that case all generally found the same level, and then the heel of some of them opened the door of "Bramble Cottage."

Why, reader, have we thus dwelt on the opening of the door? Simply from one fact—God often speaks to men from the step of the door. Reader, do you remember that instance, "They smote the men that were at the door of the house with blindness, both small and great; so that they wearied themselves to find the door"? The blood of the Passover was sprinkled above the door; Dagon was found broken on the threshold of his temple before the ark of the Lord. Now, reader, what does that group of pale-faced drunkards, winking and speechless in the moonlight, on their own doorstep, say to thee? God speaketh to thee, man, from among their nodding figures, and says, My curse is on them that sell their birthright, their Lord, their Sabbath, and their rest, even for a crust. Pleasure-seeker! behold the price of thine amusement in the ruin, body and spirit, of whole families; they shall perish in their sins, but their blood shall I require at your hand; their misery was their own act and deed. But O! pleasure-hunter, you are visible in the back-ground; you made the trade necessary that led them astray, flung the dust in the air that smote them with blindness. On high is recorded the ceremony of the key; Old Peter and his spouse, with Jim, Bob, and Maggie, are verily guilty. But art thou scathless? I trow not.

The Lord had thoughts of mercy towards Jim; his redemption draweth nigh. A little incident came under the notice of the writer, which, when traced to its results, had a mighty influence on the career of Jim. Years rolled on after the incident before its power reached him; but like the little bird that chirps and floats amid the yeasty breakers announces to the practised captain a coming change, so the following little incident was the little harbinger of Jim's great change.

One morning, in the beginning of summer, the writer was passing along the road that skirts the eastern end of Jim's native parish; the lanes were

still, still as lanes could be. The little birds and a few labourers were all that were on the move: the flowers and hedges were wet with the dews of the night, the air was filled with freshness, and the light was broadening into day, masses of fleecy smoke were hovering over the roofs and chimneys from fires newly lighted, life and business were just getting out of bed. As the writer pursued his walk, he was struck with the peculiar attitude of two men in a secluded part of the road. Between them stood a horse; each leant his head on the neck of the animal; over the horse's mane rose the murmur of devotion: one seemed to pray, the other to utter the responses. As he approached them, for the writer must needs pass them, they both lifted their heads, wished me good morning; after shaking hands we parted, smiling with mutual surprise. Both men were dressed in black frock coats and dark under-clothing; though early, both were dressed for the day. Reader, mark these two men; each is remarkable in his sphere. Yea, few have wielded a more potent influence over their fellow-men; and these have been put in their way by hundreds over a series of years. They, along with others, will frequently appear in the following narrative. Each of the two, in his own peculiar way, did much in bringing poor Jim's foundering barque to the haven of peace. One of them is John Power, Esq., a leading man in a large company in London. Its town premises were situated in one of those narrow, dark streets, which run in all directions from the centre of the city. Looking at the exterior of those premises, no one would suspect that within its dingy walls was silently transacted business in a material, the manufacture of which gave employment every hour to many hundreds of men. This is the case, however; and no man is more esteemed than John Power, Esq., or any body of men more trusted than the company of which he is the very soul. He is about the middle size, thin in person, and as clean, at almost every hour in the day, as if he had just passed from the dressing-room a few minutes ago. In business he seldom or never speaks one word more than is necessary; in company, if he can find a place in some corner or recess, where there is the least possible chance of public notice, that is his chosen spot. He is unequalled in the judging of men, and putting them in that place where *all* their powers can tell with most effect. He keeps no memorandum-book, yet in multiplicity of business few men surpass him. The writer has occasionally, in doing business with him, been not a little amused at seeing him use, as an aid to his memory, a small strip of red cloth, on which he ran a knot or two, as the case might be. He is a decided Christian. Christ with *him* is all: for Christ he buys; he sells for Christ. Men and money are only esteemed by him in proportion as they advance the honour of Christ. In his sacred cause he spends his fortune by thousands. Many a sickly head in our hospitals lifts itself up at the mention of his name. Many a widow is this day smiling over her fatherless children in comfort because of him; on him hath come the blessing of them that are ready to perish. Time would fail me to enumerate the chapels, schools, and churches that glory in pointing, among the list of their supporters, the hallowed name of John Power, Esq. He has a distant yet kindly manner. Most of his time after business hours is spent in corresponding with his various missionaries, visiting the sick, or in some prayer-meeting in some out of the way locality, composed of the very poorest of the people. Such is

John Power, Esq., one of the gentlemen who appeared at the outset worshipping, leaning on the neck of his horse.

George Maunt, the other worshipper, is one of the missionaries of John Power. Broad of build, below the middle size; possesses ability of a sort, certainly, for he excels in several languages, dead and living. His countenance is broad, reminding one of that of Germany; sandy in complexion, with eyes small and sharp. His manner abounds with softness—downy soft is George Maunt. He excels most men in the expression of the language of pity, especially in pleading for others; and while so doing displays matchless skill in bringing into light the redeeming qualities of the object of commiseration, and with equal adroitness suffusing a haze over any frailties in the character of the person pleaded for. He never gets angry, say to him what you may. He generally goes by the name of the "Good Body." He has opinions of his own, defends them with great gentleness, and are anything but common, whether they apply to things on earth or things in heaven. He is altogether alone in some of his ideas. He excels most men in the utterance of the language of devotion; often has he made bearded men weep, in the presence of the writer, under its spell. He played a singular and striking part in the story of Jim.

A few hours after his early walk, the writer, in the ordinary business of the day, met Maunt, the missionary. The following conversation explains the strange scene witnessed in the morning:—

"Well, George, whatever were you and Mr. Power doing in that out-of-the-way place this morning, when I passed you? One would have taken you for a group of statuary at some distance."

Rubbing his hands, inclining his head a little to the side, and gathering up his face into a smile, revealing a nice seam of teeth, he replied, "Ah, sir, WE were about OUR Master's work."

"Your Master's work!" exclaimed the writer. "But the horse, George; about whose work was he? It was *strange* work to be given by any master to any horse, not excepting Mr. Power's Charley; for it seemed to me both Mr. Power and his missionary were praying while leaning on his neck. At many a work, and in many a place, have I met a horse, but in a prayer-meeting, and acting as an altar to a couple of praying men, I never witnessed till that morning; and Charley looked so solemn, too, compared with his usual appearance when he, as he often does, makes sparks like fire-flies dance round his heels, and foam like snow besmear his dark chest, as he carries good Mr. Power to London town. Do, George, let me into the secret of the whole affair."

With upturned eye, elongated jaw, and well-rubbed fists, he said, "It was strange, passing strange; but, sir, in some hearts the things of the kingdom do press so heavily, and to some are so dear, as to cause them to cry out by reason of the burden in any place, and offer the incense of prayer at any altar. Yes, sir, a praying man may turn his horse's neck into an altar, and send forth his cry to the ear of God through the hair of his gelding's mane."

"I doubt it not, George. But were you praying? that's the question."

"We were, sir—earnestly, too."

"Was the subject such that a stranger may intermeddle with and do no harm? If so, I should very much like to know it, George."

"Sir, the things of the kingdom are not private property; they belong unto us and to our children."

Here, after adjusting his devotional gear, in soft, flowing words, he gave the following explanation:—

"The night before, in a conversation with Mr. Power, it was laid upon my spirit to lay before him some little account of a new field of labour I had discovered, and, to a certain extent, had commenced. In such a light was he made to view my simple narrative, and so touched with my toils was his heart, that tears flowed from his eyes, and in the silent watches of the night sleep departed from his pillow, and his rest was troubled. As I expected, he came to me early in the morning, then the conversation was renewed. As we sauntered along the road, it pleased the Lord to reveal to us the importance of our new field; yea, he showed us so rich might be the probable harvest of souls, that much, very much, glory might accrue to the name of his holy child Jesus; yet attended with so much danger to life and limb as to overpower us both with a sense of fear. What could we do but pray? A vessel when more than full *must* run over. In that spot our hearts overflowed, and in whispered prayer they were relieved. We leant on Charley's neck without design—any port, says the heart, in a storm of emotion."

"But where may this magnificent field of labour lie, George?"

"Not far off, my dear brother; a little to the westward there, in the immediate neighbourhood of the 'Red Lion.'" Here his feelings seemed to overcome him, and, in a whimpering tone, he continued: "Sad thought, sir, that so near us there should be hundreds of souls sitting in gross darkness, laughing as they rest on their very coffin-lids; yea, their very garments more spotted than leopard's hide with the marks of the flesh, and their tongues set on fire of hell. Oh dear! oh dear! does it not rend your heart? mine is rent many times a day, Yet though cast down we're not destroyed, and the shadows are fleeing, for good Mr. Power is come to the help of the Lord—to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Yes, I believe that ere long over that dead sea of souls the dove of mercy may fly, and a pitying God one day will set his bow in the clouds of that sin-laden district. Oh, unhappy K——! God have mercy on thee!"

After this burst he remained for some time a petrefaction of devotion, silent and motionless. After allowing a becoming pause, I said: "But, George, you spoke of danger to life and limb; what do you mean by that?"

"Sir," he replied, "you astonish me; are you not aware that he who ventures to preach in the open air at K—— is in danger?"

"From what, or from whom, George?"

"From men, dogs, and brickbats."

"Explain yourself, George."

"Why, sir, no sooner does the servant of the gentle Master open his mouth than all the dogs of K—— begin to bark; if they don't they are whipped until they do; and if this is not sufficient, a few stones are added. But, sir, the greatest danger arises from the visitors and some hangers-on about the 'Red Lion,' especially from Jim the 'Crusher' and his brother Bob, but especially from the 'Crusher.' When a preacher appears the landlord of the 'Red Lion' gives the 'Crusher' the hint and a glass of spirits; he knows the rest; then he will rush at you with open mouth, and, such is his strength,

that chair, Bible, and preacher spin before him like the dust of the balance. Should the preacher remonstrate he will roar him down, or run him down; and he is surrounded by so many others that when help comes who created the disturbance is unknown, To see the 'Crusher' baiting the preacher, the mob will shout, is like 'seeing a play;' and it is even mooted that not unfrequently the master of the 'Red Lion' will whisper among his Sunday visitors that at a certain hour 'the badger will be drawn by terrier Jim;' meaning that the 'Crusher' will tease the preacher. The very last time I attempted it he lifted me, chair and Bible, on to the very steps of the 'Red Lion,' amid roars of laughter from all present."

"But, George, the 'Crusher' is only one."

"No, sir, he is only one of a thousand; and because of his fearful wickedness and greater strength he is acknowledged leader. The whole immediate neighbourhood of the water is a district full of desperate and destitute men."

"And what does Mr. Power propose doing, George?"

"Sir, with his usual munificence, he purposes buying the old school-house in the Middle Lane, among the very poorest of the people, getting two or three friends to hold a series of simple services, specially adapted for the ignorant and the very poor, and, by the help of a few more friends, to visit the district, and to invite the people to the meetings; also, if possible, to form their children through the day into a Ragged School. Thus he proposes to open a well in the desert. And I have the honour and the privilege to be the first regular preacher; in other words, it's to be my parish."

In this simple way was salvation brought to the doors of the very poorest of K——, and especially to the heart of the "Crusher."

(*To be continued.*)

AN APPEAL FOR BOOTS AND SHOES.

And is winter really come again—sharp, frosty, bleak-blowing winter? Yes, indeed, it is true. I once urged those who abounded in earthly comforts, to give a blanket (see p. 48) to the destitute and shivering beings who knew not the luxury of a warm and comfortable bed. And now, again, while the raw, keen air, the descending snow, the sudden thaw, the wet, slippery, sloppy pathway, await the sons and daughters of poverty and affliction, I will again raise my voice on behalf of the needy and destitute. Perhaps, reader, it may be your custom, at winter time,

"To do some gentle deed of charity."

You may have given a blanket to some one who wanted it, thereby expending a few shillings in the luxury of doing good; have you slept the less warm for it, or been made the poorer by the deed? You know that you have not; and, most likely, since then, you have expended ten times the amount in indulgences which yield not half the gratification that a deed of benevolence produces.

Think not that your gift already bestowed should withhold your hand from bestowing another. Oh, no! God, in his mercy, has not kept back his bounty from you; neither should you withhold your hand from doing good. Strengthen then the weak, bind up the bruised, encourage the broken-hearted, relieve the poor, and give a pair of shoes to some poverty-stricken being, who cannot afford

to buy them. You may think me a bold beggar, but I am not begging for myself and it is very cold.

If, accustomed to be well shod during the winter, you have a good stock of shoes and boots to defend your feet from the searching influence of the dissolving snow, you can hardly imagine what is endured by those who have wet feet from morning to night. Many a hapless fellow-creature, brought up with care, and once watched over with tenderness, is reduced so low, that the possession of a good pair of shoes would be considered a luxury, a positive blessing. Think of your own comforts and of others' privations, and shut not up your heart to the wants of the destitute, but give a pair of shoes or something towards enabling some poor creature, who stands in need of them, to obtain such a comfort. Read the words of Scripture: "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" (1 John iii. 17); and then say, can any one go guiltlessly through the world, treading on comfortable carpets within doors, and well-defended from inclemency without, while he sees, and attempts not to relieve, the wretchedness of those who suffer from the want of shoes and boots?

How many hours of discomfort, how many days of affliction, yea, how many years of disease and pain, have been brought on by persons getting wet in their feet! And will you let those who have fireless habitations, and blanketless beds, go almost shoeless through their splashy pathways, while, perhaps, lambs'-wool stockings, and strong, well-made boots, defend your feet from the least inconvenience? If you have humanity you will not, and if you have Christian charity you cannot, refuse your aid; but, as you have ability and opportunity, you will "do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith" (Gal. vi. 10).

If your eye be quick to discern, and your heart prompt to feel the distresses of others, you will not long lack opportunities to relieve them. Look around at the throngs that continually crowd the populous city or town; regard not only their faces, but their feet; not only their clothes, but their boots also, and you will be surprised at the wretched shifts to which many of them are driven. It is enough to make the heart ache to see the miserable plight in which hundreds pursue their daily calling. Here is a ragged lad dragging along through the miry street with a pair of old boots big enough for his father. There is a poor girl who has contrived to tie on her feet, with pack string, another pair, already worn out by her mother; and yonder is a bare-legged and bare-footed being, between whose defenceless toes the mud oozes as he paddles onward through the descending rain.

Look towards the chandler's shop at the corner. Mark that meagre and tattered mother, with a child in her arms, wending her way there for a rushlight, splashing through the snowy puddle, with an old pair of thin-soled shoes on her feet, which cost only one-and-ninepence when they were new. Do not talk about her imprudence and her improvidence; who is there in this wide world that has not been imprudent and improvident? David, perhaps, you will admit, was as faithful a servant of God as you are, and he says, "If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?" (Ps. cxxx. 3). Does it become us, then, to be severe on our fellow-sinners in such an inclement season, when we have been visited with unmerited mercy? Cast another glance at the poor wretch, as she stoops to adjust her brown paper sock, and to pull up the trodden-

down heel of her saturated shoe, and say whether the heart is to be envied that does not yearn to lessen her wretchedness and to increase her comforts. You may not know whether she has always acted with discretion, but you do know that she is walking in a miserable puddle, and that she has a wretched pair of shoes on her feet. Neither must you say that this picture is overdrawn; on the contrary, it is sketched from the life; it is unmingled, unembellished truth, which you have only to look for to behold. These are sights that every one may see, and trials that every one, possessing the ability, ought to endeavour to relieve; but we are too apt, in such cases, to call upon others to act, and to excuse ourselves. We can cry loud enough, with affected virtuous indignation, against hard-heartedness, and yet be content to remain inactive, like the Pharisees of times gone by who bound heavy burdens on men's shoulders, while they themselves moved them not with one of their fingers. If selfishly regardless of others' wants, we are liberally providing for our own comforts—if casting aside shoes but half worn out, which so many people would thankfully receive, we are ordering new ones to gratify pride,—we deserve indeed to be visited with calamity. Wonderfully quick-sighted is a lame man in observing all who walk on crutches; benevolently susceptible are we, after a fit of the toothache, to the pains of all visited with a like calamity; and were we compelled, for a single day, to wade through the miry streets without shoes, or with such only on our feet as freely let in the water, such an appeal as the present would not be useless, for gladly should we contribute to the removal of trials which now, perhaps, we pass without pity.

To a poor person, a strong, well-made pair of boots is at all times a valuable present, but doubly so in the inclement season of winter. Be persuaded, then, to assist some one who has a claim on your kindness, in attaining so desirable a benefit. Give not to those who frequent the pawnbroker's and gin-shop; for though you may deplore their misery, you cannot relieve it. Your bounty would only afford them a short-lived and guilty respite from their increasing cares. Give to those who are struggling hard to procure comforts, which, when attained, will be highly valued and carefully preserved; and when the snows are abroad, and the rains descend, when the wintry winds whistle around your cheerful habitation, you will not regret having contributed to the relief of the destitute. All the kindly feelings you may indulge in towards the poor, are not equal to the gift of a single pair of shoes; but while I mention this gift in particular, I would exhort you to all deeds of kindness. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble" (Ps. xli. 1).

The proper end of education is to give us a knowledge of our duty to God and man, and to make us useful in our generation.

SOUTHAMPTON INDUSTRIAL RAGGED SCHOOLS.

On Sunday morning, 12th January, a sermon on behalf of these schools was preached in St. Mary's, by the Rev. Mark Cooper, when the Mayor and Corporation attended Divine service, and there was also a very large congregation present. The rev. preacher selected for his text the words from St. Luke's record of the Nativity:—"There was no room for them in the

inn;" and after showing how the providence of God had been so signally displayed on behalf of those who could not find room in the inn, remarked that one of the great lessons to be inculcated was that those whom the world neglected, overlooked, and despised, God chiefly noticed, honoured, and dignified; and in applying the subject to the occasion, and to those present, he said it was not for them to say that they had no room for the children of ignorance and rags—the halt, the maimed, the blind, and the poor. They were bound to assist them because brotherhood demands it, experience justifies it, the genius of the Gospel claims it, God himself practises it, and the last day will recognise it. The rev. gentleman concluded with an earnest appeal on behalf of the Ragged Schools.

On Tuesday evening, 14th January, a tea-meeting on behalf of the same object was held at the Carlton Rooms, the trays being provided gratuitously by ladies interested in the schools. After tea a public meeting was held, when the chair was occupied by the Worshipful the Mayor, who was supported on the platform by several clergymen of the Church and Dissenting ministers, as well as other gentlemen who take an interest in the welfare of the schools.

The Mayor, in addressing the meeting, referred to the large number of ladies present, and said that though he never attended a public meeting where it was sought to promote the welfare of all classes without seeing many ladies, yet he must take that opportunity of congratulating the town on having such a large number of ladies who manifested so much interest in these schools. As the head and chief of the Corporation, who were trustees of the Institution, he need not apologise for holding the position which he then did as chairman of the meeting. It was at all times deeply gratifying to him to attend meetings which had for their object the promotion of the intellectual, social, or moral welfare of the inhabitants of the town, more particularly of the juvenile portion of them. He believed Ragged Schools to be the finest institution which had been brought into existence within the last century ("Hear, hear," from Mr. Alderman Palk). They had all heard the emphatic "Hear, hear," of their Shaftesbury of the South (cheers and laughter). Now he (the Mayor) naturally felt a love for the Ragged Schools, but he might say that that love had been increased and his interest deepened by the example of the worthy Alderman to whom he had alluded (cheers). No one could visit those schools without being convinced that the efforts which were being put forth for the improvement and education of the young belonging to the lower classes were of immense service in lessening the number of juvenile criminals. Brought together under the roof of the Ragged Schools, the boys were taught to read and write; and he would appeal to the working classes themselves, and ask them whether one of the best investments they could make of what they could spare from their small earnings, was not in sending their children early to school, and giving them the best education in their power. Why, when a boy attained such an age as would justify his doing something for himself, he would perhaps make an application for a situation in a shop, office, or warehouse, and almost the first question the master would ask would be, "Can you read or write?" If the boy replied in the negative, it was a great question whether he would be able to obtain the situation; but even if he did, he would not be of such service

to his master as a boy who could read and write. The Ragged Schools, perhaps, had not been established long enough for us, and especially those instructed in them, to feel the full value and benefit of the knowledge there imparted, and to trace the full results; but, depend upon it, many a man who would hereafter fill a respectable position in society, might trace his success in life to the education which he received at the Ragged School. As a magistrate, he had great pleasure in bearing testimony to the fact, that of the many boys who had, during his four years of office, been brought up at the police court for offences, he had met with but one or two who received instruction in the Ragged School.

Mr. J. BURNETT, the secretary, then read the report, and stated that a sum of £42 1s. 7½d. was due to the treasurer.

And Mr. Alderman PALK then proposed that the report be received and adopted. He stated that he had made every effort to obtain the attendance of Judge Payne, as a deputation from London, but that gentleman, in consequence of a press of engagements, had been reluctantly obliged to give up coming down. He then went on to refer to the unavoidable absence of the Rev. Canon Wilson, Rev. M. Cooper, Hon. R. H. Dutton, M.P., and Sir J. C. Jervoise, M.P., the latter of whom had sent a donation of £5. He then adverted to the committee which was appointed by the House of Commons, in 1852, to consider the best steps to prevent the continuation and increase of crime amongst the lower orders, and said that it was then felt that the difficulty could only be met by making an impression upon the younger class. Since then it had been proved by statistics that there had been a diminution of 45 per cent. in the juvenile criminals in the country, and he believed that this diminution was in a great degree to be attributed to the influences which had been brought to bear upon the minds of the young through the working of the Ragged Schools. He then went on to speak of the different industrial employments in which the boys are engaged, and pointed out that the treatment of the master was one of love and encouragement, and not rough coercion and force. He contrasted this treatment with that which the boys frequently received at home from inconsiderate and often cruel parents, and gave several instances showing the good results which had attended this mode of training. He concluded by warmly recommending the schools to the support and sympathy of all, drawing attention to the fact that through the schools the boys were often brought from haunts of vice, sin, poverty, and wretchedness, and taught that which would tend to make them good and happy members of society.

The Rev. T. ADKINS proposed that the ladies' portion of the report be received.

Mr. W. C. WESTLAKE and other gentlemen then addressed the meeting, after which the proceedings were closed.

OGLE MEWS—OPENING OF THE NEW BUILDING.

ON the 26th of last August the foundation-stone of this building was laid by Sir R. W. Carden, Ald., assisted by Rev. W. Cadman, Rev. A. Nichol-

son, Mr. J. G. Gent, and others. The building is now complete and fit for occupation.

The new schools accommodate 300 children, and are constructed of brick, without any attempt at unnecessary and expensive ornamentation, which would have been entirely out of character with the objects in view.

The Boys' and Girls' School-rooms are light and airy, and are 33 feet by 19 feet, and 15 feet high, and are on the first floor, which is approached by a stone staircase. The Governess's Room has still to be built. The Working Men's Reading-room and Committee-room, on the ground floor, is 23 feet 6 inches by 13 feet, and 12 feet high; and the Infant School and Class-room are each 19 feet square, and 12 feet high. As regards ventilation, there is, in addition to the sashes, which open, a special ventilating air-shaft next a flue, which relieves the lower room of used air, and prevents it contaminating the upper schools.

The funds do not, at present, permit the erection of the Washhouse, the dimensions of which are to be 17 feet by 7 feet.

The water is laid on, and washing-sinks provided, and all the usual appurtenances. The gas has been laid on, with curved arms, on each floor.

The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of these schools, on the 26th of August last, was duly noticed in the October Number. The schools were formally opened on December 23rd, by Sir R. W. Carden, on which occasion the meeting was also addressed by the Rev. William Cadman, Sir Roundell Palmer (Solicitor-General), Mr. Joseph Payne, Mr. Alderman Lawrence, Mr. Ex-Sheriff Lusk, and Mr. Hytche.

Mr. Joseph Payne concluded an excellent speech with the following verses:—

We laid the stone solidly, fix'd it with care;
Cemented it strongly with faith and with prayer;
And now, when the building around it is walled,
The head of the corner that stone shall be called.

We did the work steadily, suffered no waste,
For "he that believeth" will never "*make haste:*"
And so, as good Christians, by line and by rule,
We *carefully* built up the Ogle Mews School.

We thought of the wretched, we thought of the rude—
Of some without clothing, and some without food;
And thus, for the sake of the Ragged School race,
We brought forth the topstone with shoutings of grace.

We thought of the teachers, who labour'd in air
Adapted their vigour and health to impair,
And gave them the means of combining in one
Both comfort and usefulness while working on.

Though Portland has helped us, the noble and true,
And Carden has aided by gifts not a few,
It is by *the many* that means must be given
To show the young children the pathway to heaven.

Sir Roundell, the Palmer, of Equity fame,
Shall for his good speaking, good gifts, and good name,

Solicitor-General henceforth be styl'd,
Of the Queen of the realm, and the poor ragged *child*.

And spite of the maxims of law, I am sure,
So kind in her heart, that, for ragged and poor,
The Queen would most gladly, to succour their need,
Without special licence, permit him to plead.

Good people of All Souls', now give with a grace,
For Satan will march to the right about face
If you will but *polish* each well-tempered *tool*,
Formed out of the ragged in *Ogle Mews* School.

Then look ahead cheerfully, think of the day
When all that is earthly shall vanish away;
And when, by the angels, to God shall be brought
A crowd of Immortals, in *Ogle Mews* taught!

Hark, hark! to their strains, as they mount up on high,
Hosannah they shout, Hallelujah they cry,
And enter, to dwell, without change or alloy,
For ever and ever, in glory and joy!

The Children's Gallery.

"I'M SO GLAD GOD GAVE ME *YOU*."

THE INFANT'S GRATITUDE.

It was at the close of a bitterly cold day in February. All day long the wind had howled and shrieked, till one could fancy it was the voice of some wretched spirit, complaining of its hard lot. Creaking blinds, rattling windows, and the slamming of a loose shutter, whenever the wind could find one, made all home-blessed children glad of a mother's smile, and of a father's knee to climb upon. So thought the children of a happy home in England, on that dreary winter evening, as they listened to the wind, and then watched the flames which danced brightly in the grate.

Nellie, the youngest, whose blue eyes had only seen four summers, had climbed to papa's knee, her haven of rest and perfect bliss, to which papa always welcomed her, however tired. Now she was whispering something in his ear, which "Frank and James musn't hear."

"What sort of a story will you have?" was the result of the whisper. At these magic words the boys looked up, for there is something in the word *story*, which, like the "Open Sesame" in the old tale, has a wonderful effect.

Now Nellie did not know how to describe the story which she wanted. She looked puzzled. Her mamma took pity on her, and said, "I rather think a true story would please her best."

At this the boys, who liked to hear of marvellous adventures, even if impossible, began to watch the fire again. At their advanced ages of *ten* and *twelve*, "true stories" were not so attractive as fiction.

"Do you remember asking me yesterday, Frank, if I supposed there were any children in our town as badly off as those of whom we read in public papers, and to be found in great cities?"

Frank did remember, but wondered what that had to do with Nellie's story.

"I can tell you what I saw on my way home this afternoon, and then you can answer the question. It is about a little girl, not much larger than you, Nellie.

"I was hurrying along, with my cloak wrapped closely around me. The cold wind seemed even then to penetrate through all the folds. At the corner of a wide street the wind tried to get my cloak from me, and I had hard work to keep my hat on. Just then I heard a child's loud and bitter cry. Turning to see the cause, there, close by the iron fence, on her knees, perishing among some rubbish, was a ragged child. I spoke to her kindly. She made no answer, but kept up that loud, bitter cry which sounds in my ears now. I took hold of her, and looked into her face. Hunger, and cold, and misery, had made it old. What do you suppose she was doing there? With much difficulty I made her tell me. Her mother had given her a little money to buy some cloth, which she had lost. When she went back without it, she was beaten and driven into the street to find the lost money. Her thin calico dress in rags scarcely covered her. Her arms and feet were bare, and purple with the cold; but she said she 'could not go home till she had found that money. Her mother would beat her if she did.'

"Such a face of despair as the poor child had when she said this! 'How much money was it?' I asked. 'Six shillings, sir.' 'Go home, then, I will give you six shillings.' I put the money in her hand, but she could not hold it, and refused to go. She seemed almost senseless, and I feared the child would die from cold."

Little Nellie had been listening all this time, with her great blue eyes fixed on her father, but now she hid them, and laid her head on his shoulder. The boys no longer watched the flames, but listened intently to every word, though this was a "true story."

"Do not think I left the poor child there. Finding that she would not go home alone, I took her by the arm and led her, almost forced her, along the street to the wretched house she called '*home*.' There I saw the woman she called 'mother.' You may look up, Nellie, for I will not describe that room, nor tell you what such a mother must be. 'Your child is nearly frozen,' I said. 'She would die if left in the street with such clothes much longer. Here is money as much as she lost!' After obtaining a promise from that wretched woman not to beat the child, I came away. To-morrow your mother and I will see what can be done for the poor child."

The story was ended. Nellie slipped from her father's knee, and climbed to her mother's lap, and wound her chubby arms around her neck, and whispered, "Oh, mamma, I'm so glad God gave me *you*."

Notices of Meetings.

KINGSLAND.

The fourteenth annual meeting of these schools took place on the evening of December 18, at the Kingsland Congregational Church. Nearly one thousand persons were present. Previous to the public meeting about 250 persons sat down to tea in the school-room beneath the chapel, when a handsome banner was presented to the Boys' Band by the Ladies' Committee.

The Right Hon. Lord Ashley was announced to preside, but was unavoidably absent through indisposition. In his

absence, the Rev. T. W. Aveling, pastor of the church, presided.

The Chairman opened the business of the meeting by reading a letter from Lord Ashley, informing them of his inability to attend on account of illness, expressing his regret thereat, and his deep sympathy with their efforts. The Chairman much regretted the absence of one from the chair who was the noble son of a most noble and honoured father (Hear)—a father who was not only deeply interested in the Ragged School movement, but in every other movement which had for its object the promotion of the best interests of mankind. He called on the Secretary to read the report for the past year.

The Secretary read the report.

The Day School.—The average attendance has been 230, and as many as 258 have been present.

The ladies of the Committee who visit the school express their great satisfaction at the energy and regularity with which the Governess performs her duties, and testify to the unwearied manner in which she labours among the children, making her work literally a labour of love, and devoting, from time to time, many an hour beyond the stipulated period for the good of her youthful charge.

It is a gratifying fact that the two junior teachers have both been Scholars at the Evening School, and members of the Industrial Class; one of them also attended the Day School for some years.

Sunday and Evening School.—The average attendance at the Sunday School has been,—morning, 47; afternoon, 145; evening, 157. The average attendance at the Week Evening School has been 54 scholars and 3 teachers. The greatest number present on any one evening was 131. There is a Monthly Prayer-meeting held the last Sabbath in each month, at which the average attendance is 20 teachers, 44 scholars, 8 parents, and 13 visitors. Also a Special Quarterly Meeting, at which the average attendance has been 11 teachers, 50 scholars, and 49 visitors.

The distress in Lancashire having been mentioned, the children of the Sunday Afternoon and Evening Schools contributed to the amount of £1; the Day School and Mothers' Meeting likewise contributed respectively, 11s. 8d., and 8s. 4d.

Penny Bank.

Paid in for year 1862	£96	18	2
Withdrawn	92	16	8
Balance in hand	4	1	6
No. of Depositors—Children	418		
„ „ Parents	66		
Total	484		

The Maternal Association, the Mothers' Meeting, the Sick Society, the Dorcas Society, and the Girls' Industrial Class, were all reported on as working usefully and with good results.

The Rev. Ernest Jay, the Rev. De Kewer Williams, Judge Payne, Mr. Curtis, the Rev. Mr. Davis, and Mr. Gamman, addressed the meeting, and the proceedings closed by singing and prayer.

PLUMTREE COURT, SHOE LANE.

On Wednesday, January 14, the sixteenth anniversary of the above school was held in the school-room, in Shoe Lane, Holborn, which was gaily decorated with flags and mottoes. After tea a public meeting was held. V. Ridler, Esq., took the chair, who, after the meeting had been opened in the usual manner, made some appropriate remarks.

Mr. G. Freshwater, the Honorary Secretary, then read the annual report, which showed that the Sunday Evening School had an average attendance of 176 boys, girls, and infants. On some occasions no less a number than 252 boys and girls had been gathered together on the Sabbath; and it was very gratifying to state that there was marked improvement in the conduct of the children, especially in the senior classes, in which formerly misconduct was the rule, whereas now it is the exception. The words of the report on

this branch of the work were as follows:—"There have been seasons of marked attention and seriousness, especially amongst the elder scholars, and which have given rise to the hope that the Sabbath evening instruction, now listened to with so much attention, will prove, under the Divine blessing, a source of much spiritual good." The Boys' and Girls' Night Schools had improved, the attendance had been regular, and the scholars had been well behaved. The Infants' Day School had had an average attendance of 38, and it was noticed that the scholars increased in their attachment to the school, for many of them had come unwashed and hungry rather than be late. The Girls' Working Class had continued a great success, having had an average attendance of 70. During the year, 401 articles of clothing had been made by the children and presented to them, and fifty frocks had been made by them, and were sold to them for rather less than cost price. The Mothers' Class had continued its interesting meetings throughout the year, and had been of the highest importance in inculcating sound Scriptural knowledge, habits of cleanliness and frugality, and an interest in the welfare of their husbands and children. The City Missionary Meetings, held on Sunday afternoons and Tuesday evenings, had been better attended than in any previous year, the average attendance being, on Sundays 40, and on Tuesdays 23. In the Penny Bank there had been a large increase of depositors and deposits, showing that provident habits were growing in the neighbourhood. The Band of Hope Meetings, and the other organizations in connection with the schools were noticed, and the report concluded with a prayer that the Plumtree Court Ragged School would still flourish and bear good fruit.

The meeting was addressed by Mr. Gent, Mr. Edwards, Rev. D. Latrobe, and other gentlemen.

THE RAGGED SCHOOLS, SYDNEY.

THE scholars of the Ragged Schools in Glebe Street and Sussex Street had their annual treat on Friday last. Attended by their teachers, and in some instances by their parents, they were conveyed by steamer up the Parramatta River, as far as Cockatoo Island. Having steamed round the island, they returned, and proceeded down the harbour to Watson's Bay, where a substantial dinner was provided for all. After dinner they visited the menagerie, which was rendered additionally interesting to the children by information previously imparted concerning the animals, the countries from which they came, and their peculiar characteristics. They amused themselves during the remainder of the afternoon, the boys playing at cricket and bathing, and the girls engaged in various suitable games. The most pleasing feature was the deportment of the children; but their evident improvement is not at all surprising when it is considered that besides the labours of the paid teachers who are devoted to their work, there are nearly forty ladies who cheerfully give their time and exert their womanly influence for the elevation and instruction of these little ones. As evening approached tea was served, and shortly afterwards the party returned to Sydney. Nearly the whole of the provisions and games were presented by generous friends, and every assistance was rendered by the hostess of the hotel to conduce to the happiness of the scholars, who, it is needless to add, thoroughly enjoyed the excursion.—*Sydney Morning Herald, Nov.* 21, 1862.

THE APPEAL FOR BLANKETS.

THE appeal made in our last Number for blankets has already resulted in the receipt of cash and of blankets, new and old, sufficient to start, in connection with our Ragged School, an effort to aid the deserving poor by *lending* them blankets during the winter months, to be returned in May; then to be scoured and kept in stock till the following November.

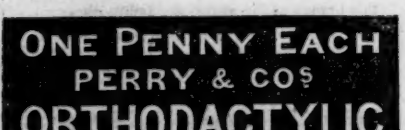
New Steel Pen.

PERRY & CO.'S "ALBERT" PEN combines all the latest inventions and improvements introduced by them in metal pens. Samples for 2 stamps. Price 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. per box. Sold by all Stationers.

N.B.—Manufacturers of the celebrated Double Patent Perryian Pens.

Children's Penholders.

PERRY & CO.'S ORTHODACTYLIC PENHOLDER is admirably adapted to giving children a free and easy handwriting. Price 1d., 2d., and 6d. each. Sold by all Stationers.



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BREAKFAST AND TEA CONTRACTOR,

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J. E. E. respectfully begs to inform the Clergy, Superintendents of Schools, and others who are in the practice of commemorating their Anniversaries, etc., by Public Breakfasts and Tea Meetings, that he has every requisite for such occasions, comprising Tables, Coppers, and China to any extent, in a superior style, at extremely moderate charges.

J. E. E. tenders his sincere thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who have hitherto favoured him with their kind patronage, and hopes by strict attention to ensure a continuance of the same; he also begs most respectfully to solicit the favour of their recommendation.

Rout Seats on Reasonable Terms. Vans, and every requisite for Excursion Parties, with the entire Management, taken by Contract.

COMMUNICATIONS BY POST IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.

References are kindly permitted to be made to the Secretaries of the Ragged School Union and the Temperance League.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

WHAT DISEASES ARE MORE FATAL in their consequences than neglected Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, or Lungular Affections? The first and best remedy is KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

Prepared and Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the World.

N.B.—To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words, "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES" are engraven on the Government Stamp of each Box, without which none are genuine.

VALUABLE TESTIMONIAL.

Byrling, near Malling, Kent.

SIR,—Having suffered with asthma and shortness of breath for the last twenty years, and tried almost everything, but could never get the slightest relief, I was at last recommended to try your Cough Lozenges, and am happy and truly thankful to be able to tell you that before finishing the first shilling box I found great relief. I continued taking them through the winter, and was able to go out any weather. I beg, Sir, that you will accept my humble thanks; I feel that I cannot be sufficiently grateful for the benefit I have derived from your Lozenges.—Yours, FRANCIS EVENDEN.

To Mr. Keating, St. Paul's Churchyard.

(*Continued from Opposite Page.*)

	£	s.	d.
Troughton, E. J., Esq.	2	2	0
Vere, J., Esq.	25	0	0
Viney, J., Esq.	0	10	6
Walters, Miss	2	6	6
Western, Miss A. Y.	1	0	0
Weston, Miss	5	0	0
White, J., Esq.	10	0	0
Wickham, Miss F.	0	19	3
Wigram, Edward, Esq.	10	0	0
Wilson, Alex., Esq.	5	0	0
Wright, Mrs.	2	2	0
Wyatt, Captain S.	1	1	0

Emigration Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Passmore, Miss	1	1	0
Wright, Mrs. W.	1	1	0

Refuge Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Marsh, Ann	1	0	0
Passmore, Miss	1	1	3

Excursion Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Gascoigne, Mr. and Mrs.	0	2	6
Scott, Miss	1	0	0

Blanket Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Adams, Mrs.	0	10	6
Martin, Sir Henry	2	2	0
Reade, Mrs.	3	0	0

School Fund.

Agar Town.

	£	s.	d.
Lys, Rev. J. T.	1	0	0

Bermondsey.

	£	s.	d.
Hanaler, Mrs.	0	5	0

Cripples' Home.

	£	s.	d.
Passmore, Miss	1	1	0
Wright, Mrs. W.	0	10	0

Dove Row.

	£	s.	d.
Arden, Hon. Miss	3	0	0

Exeter Buildings.

	£	s.	d.
Locke, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Moss, Mrs. and Miss	2	0	0

Field Lane.

	£	s.	d.
Anonymous,	0	10	0
Douglas, Mrs.	1	0	0
Griffin, Miss	0	5	0
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